The Cheerful Letter

EVERY PLACE A CHURCH; EVERY DAY THE LORD'S DAY; ALL EVENTS BLESSINGS; ALL JOY THANKSGIVING; AND ALL NATURE AND LIFE FULL OF GOD.—*James Freeman Clarke.*

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REFORMING OTHER PEOPLE

By Edwin M. Slocombe

(First Unitarian, Lexington, Mass.)

Reformers are of two kinds—those who begin with others, and those who begin with themselves. The reformers who begin with others are usually specialists, rather than general practitioners. They are persons with a hobby which they ride hard. Usually these specialized reformers are not comfortable people to have around.

Some of the great reformers of the ages have belonged to this class. Martin Luther, the prince of reformers, was far from being an agreeable person. Cromwell was another reformer with a gift for making people uncomfortable. General Booth, the founder of the Salvation Army, had a similar reputation.

To be sure, it might be replied that it is not the business of the reformer to make other people comfortable, but, rather, that it is his business to make them uncomfortable. However clever this reply might seem, it is beside the point. The criticism of these reformers is not that they discomfort those whom they directly oppose, but that they discomfort everybody who comes in contact with them.

The disagreeableness, or—to put it as mildly as possible—the lack of agreeableness on the part of a reformer, is not due to the nature of his work but is due to his own nature. It rises from the same source as disagreeableness in other people, a lack of consideration for other people. And, really, one of the reforms most needed everywhere is just this considerateness of other people.

The true reformer is known by the breadth and the depth of his considerateness for all his fellowmen. He is distinguished also from other reformers in that his reforming endeavors begin with himself.

It must be said, however, that many people make a sorry failure of their attempts to reform their own lives. One mistake which these self-reformers often make is that they limit their endeavors to negative and repressive reforms. They consider what undesirable habits they can eliminate, or what undesirable impulses they can restrain. They do not realize that the good life is positive rather than negative. A person whose moral endeavors are limited to negations and repressions will either find that he is not able to do what he has set out to do, or, if he succeeds will become hardened and embittered towards himself and towards other people.

When we decide to make the best of ourselves we need to remember that we are not separate and isolated individuals, but that our lives are set in intimate relations with other lives. It is to these relationships that we should turn our attention, to seek out their meanings and their obligations and their privileges. One who makes such endeavors will be led, indeed, to consider his own life and how he may make it better, but his incentive will not be self-centered, and his response to it will lead him out of himself; or, rather, it will lead his better self out into its richest and fullest self-realization.

One who sets out to reform other people ought, then, to begin with himself. In this endeavor to reform himself he should remember that he is not an isolated individual, but that his life is set in intimate relationships with other lives. In searching out the meanings and the obligations and the privileges of these relationships, he will find both an incentive and a field of activity which will enable him to lift the lives of other people to higher levels and, at the same time, to find his own highest self-realization.

Robert Louis Stevenson, in his "A Christmas Sermon" says: "There is an idea abroad among moral people that they should make their neighbors good. One person I have to make good: myself. But my duty to my neighbor is much

more nearly expressed by saying that I have to make him happy—if I may."

Again, in speaking of those people who are given to criticizing others and calling attention to their faults and trying to compel these others to conform to their own ideas of the moral life, Stevenson says: "The truth is that all these interventions and denunciations . . . though they be sometimes needful, though they are often enjoyable, do yet belong to an inferior grade of duties. Ill-temper and envy and revenge find here an arsenal of pious disguises; this is the playground of inverted lusts."

That last statement seems unduly severe—that the realm of fault-finding and denunciation "is the playground of inverted lusts"; and yet that assertion of Stevenson's is supported by our knowledge of psychology today.

People who talk most about the faults of their neighbors are usually people who—however unconsciously—feel the need of turning attention away from their own faults.

The elders who are most suspicious of the younger generation are those whose own youth is open to suspicion.

They who talk most about immoralities in the lives of other people are they whose minds delight to dwell on such subjects. To hide from themselves the fact that they do delight to have such ideas in their minds, they assume an attitude of censure and aversion towards the things of which they speak. This is what Stevenson meant by "an inverted lust"; it is a lust which feeds upon that which it pretends to hold in disgust.

Criticizing other people is a defense-mechanism which is commonly employed by those whose own lives need to be defended.

So, also, the impatience and the severity of parents towards their children is often rooted in the fear of these parents that their children will do as they themselves did in their youth. Nobility of life in the child has its greatest incentive in the nobility of the parental life.

We have recently discovered that the moral life of the child expands and grows under wise approval, and that it contracts and withers under disapproval and censure. The way to call out the best in a child is not the way of fault-finding and censure and ridicule, but is the way of approving what is good and commending every improvement of a fault.

In this the child responds precisely as we do ourselves. We all open out toward the genial warmth of approvals, and draw into our shell in the presence of fault-finding and censure and ridicule.

One who seeks to reform other people, then, will not dwell upon their faults. He will seek the good in these people and will call that good forth into fuller expression by his own warm-hearted approval of it.

If one who has fallen into the habit of fault-finding and of criticizing other people—either in their presence or in their absence—will endeavor to break this habit and try the other method, he will have a wonderful experience. He will discover that he is trying to make use of faculties and powers which have not hitherto been employed. In using these faculties and powers he will experience—at the very outset, from his very first attempt to assume this attitude towards others—a thrilling and quickening of his whole being. He will feel his life expand. He will know that he has become something that he was not, before, yet always had desired to be.

And he will have this experience because he will have come into contact with the mightiest current of power that flows through the universe—the current of that spirit which flows out of the Heart of the Universe and flows through every human heart which opens in love towards another human heart. (From a series on "Ourselves in the Making," given at Isles of Shoals, July, 1929.)

CALVARY

I WALKED alone to my Calvary,
And no man carried the cross for me.
Carried the cross? Nay, no man knew
The fearful load that I bent unto,
But each, as we met upon the way,
Spoke me fair of the journey I walked that day.

I came alone to my Calvary,
And high was the hill and bleak to see,
But lo, as I scaled its flinty side,
A thousand went up to be crucified!
A thousand kept the way with me,
But never a cross *my* eyes could see.

—*Jessie B. Rittenhouse.*

TREES FED BY MILLIONS OF MICROSCOPIC SLAVES

MILLIONS of microscopic slaves toil up and down in tubes that extend like flues through the tissues of every tree. Unlike the sap tubes in the woody part of the tree, the veins in the tissues of the bark region are filled with certain living protoplasm. This protoplasm circulates like an endless belt, moving up one side of the long tubular cells and down the other. The upward stream carries the food salts absorbed from the earth by the roots and the downward stream transports the sugars manufactured by the leaves from the air, so the tree is completely nourished. The belief in the past has been that the salts and sugars which fed the tree were carried with the water through the woody part of the trunk.

FEAR and Fail are Brothers.

WITH OUR HOME-KEEPERS

Favorite Recipes

Beet Salad.—Slice cold boiled beets and cut them into ½-inch cubes. Make a small mound on a crisp lettuce leaf, pour over a little French dressing and garnish with a few rings of onion or the white rings cut from a hard-boiled egg. If egg is used, press the yolk through a sieve and sprinkle the yellow particles over the salad.

French Dressing.—Into a small jar or bottle that can be corked, put ½ teaspoonful of salt; ¼ teaspoonful of pepper; 2 tablespoonfuls of vinegar (or 1 tablespoonful each of vinegar and lemon juice); and 4 tablespoonfuls of the best quality olive oil. Shake the bottle well, pour over the salad and serve immediately before the oil and vinegar separate.

Rice and Peaches.—½ pound rice, 1 pint cream, 1 pint fresh peaches, 1¼ pounds sugar, flavoring, 3 macaroons. Wash and put in saucepan the rice, pouring over it enough cold water to cover. Let it boil, pour the water off, add the cream (or milk) boiled, and the sugar, then boil over a slow fire. Make a thick syrup with one pound sugar and one cup of water and the flavoring, reducing it by boiling until there is one cup of syrup. Pour gradually into the rice, stirring carefully. Put into a deep dish and cover the rice with the cut up peaches, sprinkle with pounded macaroons and put in oven for 10 minutes.

Mashed Potatoes.—Wash and peel 5 medium-sized potatoes. Add ½ teaspoonful of salt, boiling water to cover, and cook quickly until the potatoes are done. Drain, mash the potatoes, and add 2 tablespoonfuls of cream or top milk, a small piece of butter about the size of a hickory nut, salt to taste, and beat with a spoon until the mass is light and fluffy. Pile lightly in a hot serving dish, lay a teaspoonful of butter in a slight hollow in the middle of the surface and add a dash of pepper or paprika. Serve immediately or keep hot until serving time.

Stale Cake Dessert.—Over stale cake cut in dice in wide-stemmed glasses, pour after breakfast a few tablespoonfuls of cocoa syrup to each glass. At serving time garnish with red jelly or preserves and a little whipped cream.

Grapefruit Dessert.—Grapefruit pulp, served in flaring stemmed glasses, with two tablespoonfuls of the juice from canned pineapple over each portion and decorated with maraschino cherries or bits of red jelly, makes a delicious dessert.

Handy Hints

I use curtains to keep the dust from the pantry shelves where I keep my dishes. They are put up with the fixtures as for a window, and can be rolled up to your convenience.

If pillow slips are hung up by the hems and sheets cross-wise of the line, they will wear much longer.

Black specks which frequently appear on silver may be removed if covered with a paste made of whiting and olive oil. Let stand until dry, then polish silver with a chamois cloth.

Before applying linseed oil to outside of soapstone sink or tubs, first go over with sandpaper to make them smooth.

Preparation for Dyeing.—Before dyeing, material should be thoroughly washed with soap and water and rinsed, and all grease spots removed. Galvanized dishes should not be used. A vessel, large in comparison to what is being colored, is required, so that it will contain a generous amount of dye water and permit the material to be constantly stirred. Of course, the dye must be thoroughly dissolved before the fabric is immersed.

THE LAND OF BEGINNING AGAIN

I wish that there were some wonderful place
Called the Land of Beginning Again,
Where all our mistakes and all our heartaches
And all of our poor selfish grief
Could be dropped like a shabby old coat at the door
And never put on again.

I wish we could come on it all unawares
Like the hunter who finds a lost trail,
And I wish that the one whom our blindness had done
The greatest injustice of all
Could be at that gate like an old friend who waits
For the comrade he's gladdest to hail.

We could find all the things we intended to do
But forget, or remembered too late
Little praises unspoken, little promises broken,
And all of the thousand and one
Little duties neglected that might have perfected
The day for one less fortunate.

It wouldn't be possible not to be kind
In the Land of Beginning Again,
And the ones we misjudged and the ones we begrudged
Their moments of victory here
Would find in the grasp of the loving hand clasp
More than penitent lips could explain.

For what had been hardest we'd know had been best
And what had seemed loss had been gain.
For there isn't a sting that will not take wing
When we've faced it and laughed it away.
And I think that the laughter is what we are after
In the Land of Beginning Again.

THE BOOK AND MAGAZINE CLUB

Send all offers and requests for this department to Mrs. J. A. McCaddin, 21 Ashfield St., Roslindale, Mass.

Please remember, when you see a request for a book in the Book Club, to write a card asking "*Shall* I send such a book to such a person?" before sending it, else the person who requests it may receive several copies. When any one writes directly to you, asking for a book offered by you, send a card to Mrs. McCaddin, saying that you *have* sent it. When you receive more requests than you can meet, send those to the Book Club to be printed here.

SPECIAL NOTICES

It will greatly aid those who are sending books, magazines, cards, and so forth, if all our correspondents who send requests for their children will take pains to mention their names and ages. Lacking such information, one is likely to make mistakes; for a boy of twelve and a girl of seven are not usually interested in the same things.

When requesting books for the first time, correspondents should always give, as reference, the name and address of their clergyman.

When correspondents move to a new address, notice should be sent either to our headquarters, 25 Beacon Street, Boston, Mass., or to those persons who have been sending books and magazines.

It is necessary to state positively that the Cheerful Letter Exchange is not a "clothing bureau" and not a "charitable" society in the usual sense of the word. We do not undertake to send correspondents money, clothing or household goods. Letters asking for that sort of assistance cannot receive attention. Letters not signed cannot be printed.

Many people do care for just the kind of friendly service for which we are organized. We limit our efforts to them and their wishes.

Those who enjoy receiving books and magazines are asked to remember that they, in their turn, can give much pleasure if they will take pains to write to the persons who send such reading matter. In cases where no word of response goes back—not even to say that the books or magazines were received—senders may suppose the parcels were not welcome. Let us each do our share.

APPEALS

1. I wish some dear friend would write to me, as I am alone with five small children. My husband's work keeps him away from home all day and part of the night. I am 26 years old; my oldest child is 9 years old, the youngest, two months. Mrs. Allie Freeman, Chesterfield Co., S. C.

2. Mrs. Theodore Parker, R. 1, Box 45, Cheraw, S. C., writes that she is a young married woman of 23, with one small boy, 2½ years old. She would like to receive books on raising children, and letters, as she lives far from her parents. Light reading of any kind would be welcome, too.

3. Mrs. Fred Gardner, R. 1, Ruby, S. C., c/o J. L. Morton, is a young married woman of 22, with two small children. She would love to hear from some of the *Cheerful Letter* friends. Small pieces of cloth for quilts would help to brighten many lonely hours.

4. Mrs. William Smith, Rex, Ark., would like to have her name enrolled in the Cheerful Letter Exchange. She has two small boys, 4 and 2 years of age. She would be so thankful for some books for them, and sewing material for herself.

5. I want to thank each and every one who, at any time, has sent me anything or written me a letter. I am very thankful for what I have received from the good friends. I would love to receive embroidery thread or little bits of lace. Mrs. Edmond Jones, Rex, Ark.

6. Mrs. Humie Elliott, Clifton, N. C., is a reader of the *Cheerful Letter*, and wants to thank all for the nice books and all the good reading the dear *Cheerful Letter* friends have sent her. She hopes her little grandson, 4 years old, will be remembered.

7. Mrs. Linnie McLendon, Box 252, Ansonville, N. C., wants to thank the *Cheerful Letter* for the nice Bible that was sent to her. Her own had worn out, and she was unable to purchase another. She has a small boy, 4 years old, who has been seriously ill. Anything to amuse him would be greatly appreciated. She would like to correspond with someone.

8. Mrs. Mollie Datson, R. 4, Dayton, Tenn., writes that she would enjoy some light reading and to hear from some of the *Cheerful Letter* friends.

9. I used to receive magazines from the *Cheerful Letter* in the past, but for several years I have lived in the far West and have lost trace of my numerous friends. I am now living on a farm, and am trying to adapt myself to the farm life again. I am very fond of the *National Geographic*, and would especially appreciate it and any other good magazines, such as *Review of Reviews*, *The Country Gentleman*, *Saturday Evening Post*, and all outdoor magazines. I

thank you each and all for past kindnesses. Mr. O. E. Wann, R. 4, Wills Point, Texas.

10. Mrs. Maud Rakes, Elamsville, Va., writes that she would be very glad to receive something for her oldest children to read, and cards or pictures for the younger ones. There is a boy, 8 years; one girl, 6; another, 3, and a baby boy, one year old. She would also like reading for herself and husband.

11. Mrs. A. C. Hottinger, Hebron, Ohio, has been confined to her bed for a number of years. She is helpless. She asks the friends to remember her with photograph cards, an album, white cloths, wash rags, and stationery. This will make her quite happy and help her to forget her pain. She wishes to thank all friends for their past favors.

12. I wish to thank the good people who are sending me the *Cheerful Letter* magazine. I hope they will not forget me, as I live in such a lonely place. I would be pleased to receive light reading, quilt pieces, and something for the children. There are four boys, ages 13, 7, 2, and 6 weeks, two girls, 9 and 4. Thank you all for the cheer you have given me in the past. Mrs. Carrie Parsons, Jefferson, N. C.

13. Mrs. Ornie T. Davis, Box 213, Ansonville, N. C., wants to thank those who remembered her with patchwork and reading. She is now an invalid, and hopes to be again remembered. She would be pleased with a little toy for her eight-months-old baby, who had to be taken away from her on account of her illness.

14. This is my first letter to the *Cheerful Letter*. I am 79 years old, and blind in one eye, and almost so in the other one. I love to make quilts, and would be pleased with some thread to make lace. I am just hoping that someone will write to me, as I have no one to cheer me, and I can't be here in this world much longer. Jane Speers, R. F. D. 4, Marshville, N. C.

15. Mrs. Bertha Stike, Lansing, N. C., would enjoy some light reading. She has a helpless little three-year-old girl for whom she would like a toy or doll.

16. I would like to correspond with someone. I have six children, the oldest a boy, 11, the youngest, three months. We have all been sick since last fall with chills and fever. We live six hundred miles from any of my folks, and get very lonely. I would be glad of reading and cards for the children, or any kind of cheer. Mrs. N. A. Clark, R. 1, Gordon, Ala.

17. Miss Stella Parsons, Grassy Creek, N. C., a young girl of 23, crippled with rheumatism, writes that she hasn't heard from any of the *Cheerful Letter* friends for a long time. Bits of crochet thread and a small package of magazines would be appreciated.

18. Nannie Mae Colson, R. 2, Box 22, Wadesboro, N. C., is a young motherless girl, 13 years old. She would appreciate sewing material and stockings for rugs.

19. Mrs. Dora Walter, 1508 Third Avenue, Charleston, W. Va., is an elderly shut-in who would enjoy any kind of cheer sent her.

20. It has been a long time since I have heard from any of the *Cheerful Letter* friends, and I certainly miss their good cheer and friendly letters. I am working in a cotton mill, and have been since my husband passed on. I find it very lonely, and at times almost more than I can bear. Mrs. Lucy Jones, Leaksville, Boulevard Branch, N. C.

21. J. M. Maddox, R. 3, Clovis, N. M., writes that he is 72 years old, in poor health, and not able to buy all the reading matter that he would like. He desires books or magazines along scientific lines. He has received some books from the *Cheerful Letter*, but could read and study many more.

22. Mrs. S. Traywick, R. 4, Marshville, N. C., lives alone, and needs cheer. She would enjoy a correspondent.

23. I wish to thank the *Cheerful Letter* friends for all that they have sent me some time ago. Will you please remember my children these winter days with something for amusement? Thanks to the one who sent me the *Cheerful Letter;* it has such nice little stories for the children. Mrs. Bertha Williams, P. O. Box 19, Scotland, Ark.

24. Miss Addie Eanes, R. 2, Bassetts, Va., is a very lonely country girl and would be so glad if the dear friends would send her a little cheer. She loves to sew and embroider.

25. I am a widow, 60 years old, living in the country in an out-of-the-way place. I am greatly in need of cheer, and would like some correspondents. Mrs. Lafayette Swansom, Boomer, N. C.

26. Mrs. Delia Caraway, R. 4, Dayton, Tenn., c/o Joe Datson, would enjoy a correspondent. She is a young widow, having lost her husband last April, and is very sad and lonely. She has gone back to her parents to live. She has a little boy, three years old, and a baby, six months old. She would enjoy some light reading.

27. I want to thank all for their past kindness, and would be so glad to have the *Ladies' Home Journal* or the *Woman's Home Companion.* My daughter, 12 years old, would like any kind of thread for crochet or embroidery, to learn to sew. Mrs. Lee M. Kilby, R. 1, Rugby, Va.

28. Mrs. Blanche Thompson, Oshoto, Wyo., writes a very interesting letter telling of their first snow on September 6. She lives on a Wyoming homestead, and states that the winters are long, cold, and lonesome. She has three children, one boy, 6 years old, and two girls, 4 and 3 years old. She would be glad of anyone who would write to her.

29. I wish to thank all who have sent me things in the past. I love to read, and will be glad to get some good books and magazines. I would enjoy some small pieces of velvet and embroidery thread. I have a dear little boy two years old. I hope I will hear from you all before long. Mrs. Percy Davis, Pera, Va.

30. Mrs. N. L. Gillis of Stovall, N. C., would be ever so glad to receive "Pollyanna."

The following tell of their interest in the Cheerful Letter Exchange, and would be very happy to have a correspondent and to receive sewing material and light reading:

1. Mrs. B. H. Bunn, Ansonville, N. C.
2. Mrs. Tillie Hoga, Konnarock, Va.
3. Mrs. E. Z. Sexton, Edison, N. C.
4. Mrs. Emary Spencer, Sturgill, N. C.
5. Mrs. M. E. Sneed, R. 4, Box 197, c/o S. H. Kennedy, Dayton, Tenn.
6. Mrs. B. E. Staton, R. 2, Box 68, Polkton, N. C.
7. Mrs. Cora Datson, R. 4, Box 197, Dayton, Tenn.
8. Mrs. Mary Pennington, Konnarock, Va.
9. Mrs. Luther Powers, Lansing, N. C.
10. Mrs. Cutler Hill, Lawsonville, N. C.
11. Mrs. G. Lee Roberson, Elamsville, Va.
12. Mrs. Bettie Carter, R. 2, Riceville, Tenn.
13. Mrs. Joe Dodd, R. 2, Sandidges, Va.
14. Mrs. Morris Thomas, R. 2, Box 47, Polkton, N. C.
15. Mrs. Minnie Eldreth, Lansing, N. C.

CHANGE OF ADDRESS

Mrs. Lucy Jones, Boulevard Branch, Leeksville, N. C., formerly Bassett, Va.

The Brookline First Parish Branch will send packages of old Christmas cards to anyone desiring them. Apply to Miss Martha Suter, 23 Dudley Street, Brookline, Mass.

FOUR BIRDS

WHEN, in the spring of 1910, Theodore Roosevelt was on his way to England from his African explorations, he wrote a strange letter to the British foreign office in London. I call it a strange letter, because it is the kind of epistle one would not expect to be sent by an ex-executive of one country to the foreign office of another. He wrote that during his stay in England he would like to make an excursion into the woods, hear the English songbirds and learn their names; in order that he might do this satisfactorily and intelligently, would the foreign office please select some naturalist who knew the note of every bird in England and request him to accompany Mr. Roosevelt on this expedition?

Well, the head of the British foreign office was Sir Edward Grey, and he himself knew the note of every singing bird in England—a remarkable accomplishment for one of the busiest statesmen in the world. He therefore appointed himself as bird-guide for the ex-President of the United States.

The two distinguished men stood on a railway platform one day in May and were surrounded by reporters, who supposed that a new world problem of the first magnitude was on the carpet. But the two men told the reporters they were going away into the country for some 36 hours, did not wish to be disturbed, and asked the journalists to leave them alone. Accordingly, it was generally believed that Roosevelt and Grey were absorbed in the discussion of international affairs; and as the great war broke out a few years later, some went so far as to believe then that it had had its origin in this sinister interview.

Now, as a matter of fact, the two men did not mention either war or politics; they went a-walking in the New Forest and every time they heard the voice of a bird, Grey told Roosevelt the singer's name. They both agreed (and so do I) that the English blackbird is the best soloist in Great Britain.

It is a curious fact that the four most famous birds in English literature are none of them native in America. The Big Four are the nightingale, the skylark, the blackbird and the cuckoo. From Chaucer to Kipling the British poets have chanted the praise of the nightingale. And of all the verses in his honor, it is perhaps the tribute by Keats that is most worthy of the theme.

"Thou was not born for death, immortal bird!
No hungry generations tread thee down;
The voice I hear this passing night was heard
In ancient days by emperor and clown.
Perhaps the self-same song that found a path
Through the sad heart of Ruth, when, sick for home,
She stood in tears amid the alien corn;
The same that ofttimes hath
Charmed magic casements, opening on the foam
Of perilous seas, in faery lands forlorn."

We never had nightingales in the United States until Mr. Edward W. Bok imported them into his Bird Paradise at Mountain Lake, Florida. Previous attempts to bring them over had failed; the birds invariably died. Some investigators declared that this tragedy was owing to the change in diet; but, of course, the real reason for their death was American poetry. After the nightingales had listened for centuries to Chaucer, Shakespeare, Milton, Wordsworth, Keats, etc., the change to the level of American verse was too much for them, and they died of shock.

The English skylark leaves the grass and soars aloft, singing his heart out, so that after he has

disappeared in the sky we hear his voice coming down out of the blue, like a revelation. One of the poets calls it a "sightless song."

Shakespeare sends the skylark to the gate of heaven

"Hark! Hark! the lark at heaven's gate sings!"

And Shelley's poem on the skylark expresses the ethereal nature of the soaring voice of the bird:

"Higher still and higher
From the earth thou springest,
Like a cloud of fire;
The blue deep thou wingest,
And singing still dost soar, and soaring ever singest."

American blackbirds do not sing well; the so-called crow-blackbird, so common in flocks in autumn, makes a noise like tonsillitis, or as if he had a 16-year-old boy's voice in process of changing, or as if he were a hinge that needed oiling. Our red-wing blackbird, with his scarlet epaulets, has a good-natured and perky wheeze, which can hardly be called singing. But the English and continental blackbird pours out of his throat the most heavenly melody. One winter day in Munich, in the midst of a blizzardous snowstorm, I saw a blackbird perched on a tree directly in front of the university buildings. He was "hove-to," that is, he had his beak turned directly into the wind, and as the snowflakes beat against his little face, he sent straight into the gale the loveliest music. Tennyson has observed how the voice of the blackbird loses its beauty in the hot summer days.

"A golden bill! the silver tongue,
Cold February loved, is dry:
Plenty corrupts the melody
That made thee famous once, when young:

"And in the sultry garden-squares,
Now thy flute-notes are changed to coarse,
I hear thee not at all, or hoarse
As when a hawker hawks his wares."

The nearest we Americans can get to the English cuckoo is the abominable cuckoo clock. The voice of the English cuckoo sounds exactly like the clock, only, of course, you can't train him to strike right. In addition to his regular accomplishment, he is a ventriloquist, and can throw his voice a tremendous distance. One day, crossing a field in Sussex, I heard the loud double note of the cuckoo, apparently directly behind me. He was in reality a furlong away.

Wordsworth says:

"O blithe New-comer! I have heard,
I hear thee and rejoice.
O Cuckoo! shall I call thee Bird,
Or but a wondering Voice?

"While I am lying on the grass
Thy twofold shout I hear,
From hill to hill it seems to pass,
At once far off and near."

Concerning the all too common crimes of shooting, snaring, and eating little singing birds, the English poet, Ralph Hodgson, has expressed himself in words that ought to be everywhere read:

"I saw with open eyes
Singing birds sweet
Sold in the shops
For the people to eat,
Sold in the shops of
Stupidity Street.

"I saw in a vision
The worm in the wheat,
And in the shops nothing
For people to eat:
Nothing for sale in
Stupidity Street."

The American periodical, *Time*, says in the issue for April 22:

"Even news of a royal prince—H.R.H. the Duke of Gloucester—was subordinated last week to the following item which London's august *Times* placed prominently at the head of its daily column 'News in Brief':

"'The cuckoo was heard on Monday morning in the coppices at Coombe Hill, Surrey.'"—*William Lyon Phelps, in the Boston Herald.*

A HYMN

I CANNOT think but God must know
About the thing I long for so;
I know he is so good, so kind,
I cannot think but he will find
Some way to help, some way to show
Me to the thing I long for so.

I stretch my hand,—it lies so near:
It looks so sweet, it looks so dear.
"Dear Lord," I pray, "oh, let me know
If it is wrong to want it so."
He only smiles,—he does not speak;
My heart grows weaker and more weak,
With looking at the thing so dear,
Which lies so far and yet so near.

Now, Lord, I leave at thy loved feet
This thing which looks so near, so sweet,
I will not seek, I will not long,—
I almost fear I have been wrong.
I'll go and work the harder, Lord,
And wait till by some loud, clear word
Thou callest me to thy loved feet,
To take this thing, so dear, so sweet.

—*Saxe Holm.*

"GOOD HEALTH" NOTES

Song of Labor

I helped the prehistoric beast
To make himself a man;
I taught him how to organize
Through tribe, and race and clan.

I brought gold from a thousand mines,
And treasure from the sea;
There is no wealth in all the world
But owes its tithes to me.

I made the city's lofty towers,
And ships to sail the air;
I sowed good seed in country lands,
And reaped good harvests there.

But, while remembering with pride
The triumphs of my past,
Humbly I try to make each task
Still better than the last.

— *Jean O'Brian (New York Times).*

* * *

Rich Child Must Pay for Gold Spoon at Birth

That we can get nothing in this world without paying for it, is a principle which should be firmly instituted in our minds, according to Dr. James McCullough Farr of the Brick Presbyterian Church, New York City. "The child born with a gold spoon in his mouth has to pay for the spoon in some coin or other. I remember being impressed by this truth when the portrait of a man who had made a great fortune in the days when gold was discovered in California was published beside that of his son. The father was a man with strength and character graven deep in every line of his features, but the smooth, rounded, somewhat effeminate features of the son, who had been reared in the lap of luxury, showed the price he had had to pay for that which had come to him without effort."

Pampering of our children is seen as a great menace, health and happiness depending upon the birthright of educational activity. The Rev. Russell J. Clinchy says, "Mankind has traveled the long road out of the belief that work is a curse, and has now reached the understanding that work can be the factor which makes life significant. But we also perceive that we must organize the work of the world so that it will contribute to, and not detract from, the fundamental needs of the soul and body of man. We cannot rest content until it is possible to grant every child a birthright of activity which will employ its soul as well as its body."

* * *

A wonderful illustration of the above may be found in the record of "Lindy," as told by Bob Davis in a New York City daily. His Atlantic flight was spectacular and its facts well known—what is less appreciated is the long years of schooling in character which made it possible—and the rigid self-imposed discipline during the weeks immediately preceding it, as preparation for the strain of continued sitting at the controls, with no sleep, and scant food. Mr. Davis tells us it was his custom to spend the evening hours playing bridge and at midnight to repair to a lonely spot on the California beach, where, seating himself on a log and looking out over the Pacific he kept his nightly vigil to accustom himself to conditions he would confront on his renowned flight. After a fortnight of such training the hours were gradually lengthened until he could keep awake gazing at the monotony of the ocean for forty hours at a stretch, keeping up work on his plane and still diverting himself with bridge between times. We trust *some* sleep was included, though Mr. Davis makes no reference to such an insignificant matter except to mention a two-hour nap before his "take-off," apparently all he required to fit him for the thirty-three-and-one-half-hour drive. Only those most intimately associated with him knew of this Spartan preparation. As Mr. Davis asserts, "Never was man better trained to hop into celebrity."

* * *

Virtue in Archery

With increase of popularity of this old sport, we would call attention to its high place through the centuries in Japan. There it is followed according to the traditions of the old masters of the art, developed in four schools of Archery, skill and customs being passed down from generation to generation. "The necessity of complete repose of mind and control of body in archery gave rise to a philosophy in connection with its practice. He who harbors evil thoughts, it is held, cannot free his mind of them to shoot straight, and he who does not respect and care for his body cannot control it while drawing the bow."—*New York Times.*

* * *

Athletics to Increase Intelligence

At the University of Illinois, psychologists are testing rats as to the relation of athletics and intelligence. Two sets of animals are under observation, one being confined in roomy quarters and violently exercised, the other in small space, with minimum activity. They are sent through mazes in search of food, the number of mistakes made, time of reaching goal and time of re-learning after interval of two weeks, being noted. It is hoped comparison of records may shed light on the educational problem of proper relation of athletics and study.

TREASURE

THEY who carry treasure
Underneath the heart
Are weighed in a measure
And gently set apart.

Though they must pay duty
At many toll gates,
Yet they father beauty—
And beauty compensates.

They shall know sorrow
That presses to earth,
But laboring, tomorrow
They shall bring to birth.

Tenderly the Master
Leads, with arms wide flung,
Shelters from disaster,
Those that are with young.

—*Fanny de Groot Hastings.*

CHILDHOOD OF OLE BULL

BOTH of Ole's parents, and several members of the family on the mother's side, were musical. His father kept up the proverbial hospitality of the family, and no gatherings were more enjoyable than Uncle Jens's Tuesday quartette evenings. Uncle Jens spent much time and money to gratify his passion for music. On the quartette evenings Ole was several times discovered, by an involuntary movement, under the table or sofa, or behind a curtain, where, having crept from his bed, he had concealed himself for hours, only to be ignominiously sent back again. . . . But, stern as was the discipline of that day, an exception was after a time made in his favor, through the intercession of Uncle Jens. He thus became familiar, while very young, with the quartettes of Krummer, Haydn, Mozart, and Beethoven, and, as he used to say, imbibed the rules of art unknowingly; for he did not conceive the music as produced by players, but as proceeding from the instruments played, jubilating, triumphing, quarreling, fighting, with a life of their own,—a conception arising, no doubt, partly from the tales his grandmother told him of the elves and gnomes, with which the popular myths peopled forest and mountain. When in early childhood, playing alone in the meadow, he saw a delicate bluebell gently moving in the breeze, he fancied he heard the bell ring, and the grass accompany it with most enrapturing fine voices; he fancied he heard nature sing, and thus music revealed itself, or came to his consciousness as something that might be reproduced. . . .

Uncle Jens played the violoncello well, and had a collection of instruments. He loved to amuse himself with little Ole's extreme susceptibility to music. When he was three years old, Jens often put him in the violoncello case, and hired him with sweet meats to stay there while he played. But the candy could not keep him quiet long. The eyes kindled, and the little feet began to beat time. At last his nervous excitement prevented his staying longer in the case. The music was dancing all through him, and he must give it utterance. Running home, he would seize the yard-stick, and, with another small stick for a bow, endeavor to imitate what his uncle had played. He heard it with his inward ear; but, for fear his parents were not so pervaded with the tune as he was, he would explain as he went along, telling how beautifully the bass came in at such and such a place. Seeing the child play this rustic and soundless fiddle his uncle bought him, when he was five years old, a violin "as yellow as a lemon." He used to tell, later, how he felt carried up to the third heaven when his own little hand first brought out a tune from that yellow violin. He loved it and kissed it; it seemed to him so beautiful, that little fiddle! To the surprise of the family, he played well on it from the first, though he had received no instruction. He would stand by his mother's knee while she turned the screws, which would not yield to his little hand; and the tuning was not easily accomplished, since his ear made him very critical even at that age. His uncle taught him his notes at the same time that he was learning his primer.—*From "Ole Bull," by Sara C. Bell.*

QUESTIONS

AS YOU look back across the void of years
Can you remember if there ever was a time
When Life was not a riddle, but a rhyme,
Limpid as a singing brook that nears
A rushing river, innocent of fears
And hesitations, or can you recall
One flashing second when you saw them all . . .
The answers; when vast, whirling hemispheres
Did not amaze you; when Life's subtle meaning
Was clear and obvious, when stars careening
Madly down the skies had purpose;
And birth and love and fear and breath
All fitted neatly in the puzzle, Truth,
All save impatient, eager, champing Youth?

— *Rives Skinner Mathews (New York Times).*

THANKS for the beautiful world,
Thanks for the birds that sing,
Thanks for the food we eat,
Thank God for everything.

—*M. B.*

"Habit is a cable—we weave a thread of it every day, and at last we cannot break it."

LAURA R. DONNELL.

A PAGE FOR THE CHILDREN

LITTLE RED BOOTS

A VERY long time ago, so long ago that even the great-great-grandmother of the very oldest of you could not remember it, the duchy of Brittany on the north coast of France was ruled over by the Duchess Anne.

Now the Duchess Anne was a very sweet woman and greatly beloved by her people; she was very kind and friendly toward them and she loved nothing better than to dress in the costume of a peasant and mingle with them on their fête days. Every village in Brittany has at least one fête day every year, and in the days of the Duchess Anne, these fête days were very merry indeed. There was dancing on the green for the girls and wrestling and games for the men and afterward a great feast laid out under the shade of some trees.

DANCING ON THE GREEN

Everybody wore their best costumes, the men their blue and red silk sashes, and the girls their brightly spangled aprons, while the older women had their headdresses extra white and stiffly starched for that day. But one and all wore their usual wooden sabots, because shoes and boots of leather or cloth were then unknown in Brittany, though they were used by the well-to-do people in the other parts of France.

You can imagine then that the people of Pleyben were very much surprised, when on their fête day, they found dancing among them on the green a girl wearing red cloth boots. She was young and pretty, but quite evidently a stranger among them, and when they asked her name she just laughed at them, tossed her head, and danced all the harder on the soft green grass.

How pretty her little red feet looked as they danced about! "Come here, Little Red Boots, and dance with us," cried some of the girls. "Oui, oui," cried others, "but let her also dance with us."

The girl in the red boots danced with all of them in turn; she seemed to be never tired of dancing for she went on and on. The other girls, who so easily tired of dancing in their wooden sabots, wondered how she did it.

"You dance so easily and so quickly, cousin," they said to her. Cousin is a polite form of address which is always used toward a stranger in Brittany.

But she only laughed at them and kept on dancing.

"Ah," said Marie-Françoise, the prettiest girl in the village of Pleyben and the most tireless dancer, too, until the stranger had come, "it is the little red boots. If I had those boots now I could dance like that. How I wish they were mine!"

As well as being a very pretty girl Marie Françoise was also a very sweet one, so that she was not cast down for long, and despite her heavy wooden sabots, she managed to keep pace with Little Red Boots very well when it came to the final dance on the green, when all the men and girls joined hands and danced till they were exhausted.

"Là, là," said some of the older women, "our Marie-Françoise has made a very good showing against Little Red Boots after all."

There was Marie-Françoise all hot and flushed when the judges came up to her and asked her to come forward and receive her prize, but where was Little Red Boots? When the judges turned to look for her she had vanished. So after all it was only Marie-Françoise who stood out alone on the green holding her prize in her hand while all the others passed before her and bowed, though Little Red Boots should have shared the honor with her, because in the last dance they had both danced equally as well, and kept up till the very last of the music had died away.

The folk of Pleyben talked about the stranger with the red boots for many days to come, but they could not guess who she was. Some said she was a gypsy, come to the fête with a band of strolling players, others said she was only a girl from a neighboring village; others, again, that she was a pilgrim from a far land, but after all she was really none of these, as Marie-François was soon to find out. A few days after the fête there arrived at Pleyben a messenger from the court of France. This messenger asked if there was in the village a girl named Marie-François and when she was brought before him he handed her a large wooden box which he bid her open, and in it was a present from the Duchess Anne.

"But how can the Duchess Anne have heard of a poor peasant like me?" cried Marie-Françoise, as she hastened to obey the court messenger, and open the box.

What do you think was inside it? Why, a pair of little red cloth boots, of course.

"From the Duchess Anne, who ever loves a good dancer," quoth the court messenger sedately.

Of course, Marie-Françoise was overjoyed, and out of the box the little red boots came and on to her pretty feet. Away she danced in them to the village green, and all her friends and relations gathered round to see how well she danced in them. As indeed she did, almost as well as the Duchess Anne herself.—*Christian Science Monitor.*

BIBLE PRINTED IN 618 OF WORLD'S 2500 LANGUAGES

THERE are no fewer than 2500 different languages in use, into 618 of which the British and Foreign Bible society have translated the Bible. Since the centenary of the society the progress in translation has been very rapid. During the past quarter of a century the Scriptures have been reproduced in just under 250 languages, an average of a language every five weeks. Even if this rate is maintained, it will be another 200 years or so before the Scriptures can be printed in every language. At present the names of some 700 languages in Africa are known, and there are about 150 known tongues in India. In the South Sea Islands there are close upon 90.

"HE WHO TRAVELS WIDEST . . ."

IT is a question whether the man who stays at home does not get more real romantic thrills out of life than the man who goes traveling. The chap who actually sets out adventuring is apt to get disillusioned quickly. He goes to the ends of the earth to see the storied places of his dreams and finds life there wags much as it did at home.

Bangkok, Khyber Pass, Port Said, Samarang, Callao, Rio, Punta Arenas—these are glamorous names. But when a man actually gets to one or the other of these places, what does he find? Glittering scenery that looks unreal, strange people who turn out to be very like the people at home, an eddying current of life that under the surface is identical with the life he has always known.

The glamour disappears; he notices that Shanghai has filthy alleys, that Smyrna is full of beggars, that there are many distracting insects along the Amazon, that Algiers is hotter than any place has any right to be. Worse yet, he rides through Penang in an American flivver, eats American breakfast food in Rangoon, sees an American movie in Port of Spain. His romance has faded like the mists of the morning.

But the stay-at-home never gets disillusioned that way. He is the one traveler who never gets footsore, the one globe-trotter to whom all places are forever new and fresh and inviting. The dull trappings of reality never cloud the sunless skies of his South Seas. Burma and Socotra are always places on a different kind of planet, to him, inhabited by people who are essentially unlike the people at home.

Are you one of the multitude that does all its traveling in an arm chair at home? The world can always be romantic and glamorous for you. The names on the map that thrilled you when you first saw them will always thrill you. You can keep all of your illusions.—*Longview Daily News.*

SUNSHINE YELLOW FOR BABIES

ALL the so-called "sunshine" yellows, including canary, lime, primrose, and daffodil, are the popular juvenile colorings of the moment. This is said to be the result of the choice of these shades for the summer wardrobe of the little British Princess Elizabeth, who may be called the leader of baby fashions. The juvenile specialty shops, both in London and Paris, as well as the departments for such goods in the large department stores, have temporarily at least put aside the usual displays of pink and blue and are featuring yellow, either for entire garments or in combination. Novel little outdoor ensembles are shown in these golden shades, with white piqué collar and cuffs embroidered in several tones of yellow and a white straw bonnet, carrying out the same design and colorings.

Sturdy little linen suits for boys are in deep orange color with a stitched line cap to match. On such suits there is a note of contrast given by the use of pale yellow bone buttons or those of white pearl sewed on with heavy yellow linen thread. Yellow organdy, georgette and cotton voile are favored for little girls' dressy frocks, these being usually in plain coloring, with trimming of a contrasting shade. For more ordinary dresses there are the allover designs of yellow on a white background and orange and black on pale primrose.

Yellow, as a fashionable baby color, not only influences little folks' clothes but has temporarily eclipsed blue and pink for nursery use and decorations. There is an increasing demand for furnishings for the popular all-yellow nursery, and children's painted furniture, tableware and bath accessories are now to be found in this fashionable hue. Where an entire nursery can not consistently be refurnished to meet this new demand, it is surprising how great a change can be worked by introducing at least some of these sunshine colorings, as they blend delightfully with all the favorite flower tones, especially delicate blues and pinks. Thrifty mothers are also getting excellent results from dyeing white curtains, spreads, sheetings and other nursery furnishings to the desired shades of yellow, several tones often being combined most effectively.—*Clipped.*

A FANCY

THE sun is a great pot,
Full of flakes of gold;
And at sunset,
Just at the horizon's rim,
Some golden dust it spills,
Which sets the tops of hills,
All aglow.

—*James Liotta.*

OVERHEARD IN THE ORCHARD

Said the robin to the sparrow:
"I should really like to know
Why these anxious human beings
Rush about and worry so."

Said the sparrow to the robin:
"Friend, I think that it must be
That they have no heavenly Father
Such as cares for you and me."
—*Selected.*

A man's life in his family—with his wife, with his children, with his mother, with his neighbors—is not made up of grandstand plays, and defiance of the elements, and all that sort of thing. It is made up of a series of little acts, and these little acts and little self-restraints are what go to make up the man's character.—*William H. Taft.*

THE DYNAMIC POWER OF FAITH

Faith enobles.
Faith uplifts.
Faith illumines.
Faith enriches.
Faith reveals.
Faith cleanses.
Faith purifies.
Faith renews.
Faith energizes.
Faith empowers.
Faith heals.

Have faith in God, in life, in people, in yourself.—*Evelyn F. Hamilton.*

Central: "Number, please?"

Freshman: "Number? Woman, I put in my nickel and I want my chewing gum!"—*College Humor.*

THE CHEERFUL LETTER EXCHANGE

Mrs. H. A. Stevens, *Chairman*

ITS PURPOSE

To cheer and comfort those who are ill, lonely, or discouraged, through the exchange of letters and by gifts of books and magazines.

To help those who live far from schools, or who wish to continue their studies by means of correspondence with a teacher.

To give to those living far from church some of the helps which churches give. One good sermon or similar article is printed in each number. These sermons are never doctrinal, but present only such simple religious truths and principles as are agreed on by all churches.

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1. *Letters paying for subscriptions to the paper*, fifty cents a year, should be sent to the Cheerful Letter Exchange, 25 Beacon Street, Boston, Mass. Checks or postal orders should be made payable to the Cheerful Letter Exchange.

2. *Letters asking for correspondents* should be sent to the Chairman, Mrs. J. A. McCaddin, 21 Ashfield St., Roslindale, Mass.

3. *Letters asking for help in studying at home* should be sent to Mrs. George O. Sands, Brimble Ave., North Beverly, Mass.

The Home Study Committee has on hand a variety of schoolbooks which may be used by students either at home or in the schoolroom. The aim of the teachers is to help in any study where help is needed. Often this may fit a person for a higher grade of work.

4. *Letters about the establishment of Circulating Libraries* should be sent to Mrs. Henry R. Bowser 36 Lancaster St., Cambridge, Mass.

A Circulating Library will be started in any small community needing one, if proper location and care can be furnished and satisfactory references can be given. Two hundred and thirty-nine are now on our lists.

5. The Secretary of the Cheerful Letter Exchange, Miss Ethel L. Hersey, Hingham, Mass., should receive the more general correspondence from workers on the local committees, or from others interested in the organization and its methods.

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